DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Notes on Dairying.

IN dairying, as in nearly all other kinds of business, success is often due very largely to advertising. The Canadians know this and make the most of it at every opportunity, and with them advertising has brought in a golden harvest. Note their activity at the time of the Columbian Exposition. They made at that time a mammoth cheese, weighing 22,000 pounds. Their only idea in making a cheese of such proportions was to get themselves talked about in the papers and elsewhere. They showed wisdom in that, and we all know that everyone heard about that mammoth Canadian cheese. Thousands climbed the ladder that was placed against the side of the cheese and got a look at its immense top. Thousands did this for the mere sake of saying they had seen the great Canadian cheese. The whole world was impressed with the fact that Canada makes cheese. The men at the head of the enterprise did not stop here. They sold the cheese, and a part of the terms of sale was that the buyer should take that cheese and exhibit it in every city of Great Britain and Ireland. We all know that in a few years Canada has become famous, across the water, as a maker of cheese, and to such an extent that American cheese has been largely displaced. What is true on a large scale applies also in a small way. Nations profit by advertisement. Individual dairymen also profit by advertisement. The best advertisement is a show of one's goods. But one must first learn how to make good products before advertising them. The sample should not be better than the maker is able to furnish right along, for if the body of the goods fall below the sample the effects of the advertising will quickly wear away.

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An old trick of the trade is to brand butter and cheese according to its quality and not according to its origin. Thus in England cheese has been found by Prof. Robertson of Canada selling at 22 cents per pound as "best English," while other cheese labeled Canadian was being sold at 14 cents per pound. On investigation the fact was brought to light that much of the cheese sold as "best English" had been made in Canada. The branders had simply picked out the best and labeled it "best English," while the more common was labeled otherwise. Sometimes English cheese of poor quality is labeled Canadian or American. Thus it is that the efforts of the makers are often frustrated, and they are even made to bear the sins of others. But this is an old scheme that has been followed not only in England, but in the United States. It used to be a common trick to brand all good cheese "New York," and all poor cheese "western" or "Illinois," or "Wisconsin." That was in the days when New York was the greatest maker of good cheese in the Union. Today large quantities of butter are branded "Elgin" that never saw Elgin.

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To show that some people will buy anything that is sufficiently advertised, a Canadian tells the story that the Daily Telegraph of London one day spoke of some butter in a certain window that was covered with salt. The compositor made the sentence read that the butter was covered with suet. The next day not less than a dozen people called at that shop and wanted to buy some of the butter that was covered with suet.

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Enforce honesty in dairy products and in the handling and sale of the same. Whenever a law is passed that tries to eliminate some of the cheating methods from our intercourse there are always ready people who make a great fuss about their liberties being trampled on. But the fact remains that wherever fraud exists, laws should be made to bring that fraud out into the light. The people as a whole will support such laws if they understand their tenor and aim.

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Traveling dairies seem to be doing much good in the countries where they have been tried. In the French portions of Canada it is reported that the work in this line has been so effective that the finest of cheeses are made. England and Australia have also been carrying on the work for some time with good results. The dairies go to the people and instruct them in the requisites of good butter and good cheesemaking. Education is the greatest lever to lift the weights that have been crushing humanity in the past.

Wintr Care of Laying Hens.

The season of high prices for eggs is now with us, and the owners of hens that are filling the egg baskets are correspondingly happy. That the right kind of care does more to produce eggs than any other thing is universally known, but there must be something besides care, or it will be almost as bad as no care. The foundation is good healthy hens from an early laying stock. There are more advocates of early hatched pullets for winter laying than of hens, but I think one-year-old vigorous hens, properly fed through their moulting season, will give as many or more eggs to the farmer, and then their eggs are better to set in the spring. I mean they will give a larger per cent of vigorous chicks than pullets, other things being equal. They will require a warm house, not necessarily expensive, plenty of wholesome food and pure water regularly given, and a variety of food, to lay well through the winter. Give a warm breakfast of bran, one-third cooked vegetables and table scraps, one-third and clover, either cut fine, or the shatterings from clover hay one-third, mix with hot water, milk if you have it, and feed warm. One can't tell the amount required, as some hens will eat more than others, but give just what they will eat greedily, not all they want. Twice a week salt as if for table use, and once in ten days add pepper, 18 boughten pepper or tea made from peppers grown at home; also add what table scraps you have. Tack heads of cabbage, secure by the wall or a post in pleasant weather, so they can pick and eat of it. Have a scratching shed open to the south,and keep them at work in these hunting for wheat, millet and sorghum or Kaffir corn that has been scattered in a litter of leaves or straw. Hide it extra well, so they will have to hunt for it. Feed corn at night, all they need to fill their crops. Whenever possible get scraps from a butcher shop, and if you do not have a bone mill, cut and pound them with an ax. If you are near a butcher shop that will furnish you scraps it will be economy to buy a bone mill, as your egg sales will be much larger, your hens healthier and your feed bill smaller. If, however, you live, as we do, too far from the shops to get your scraps, buy prepared bone meal of any reliable brand advertised, and feed according to directions. Have charcoal, gravel, and grit before them all the time. I manufacture grit with an old clock weight, a hammer and pieces of crockery. Keep the dust box filled and dry, and a little sulphur mixed in the dust. In cold weather give warm water or milk; use milk if you have it all the time. Of course they will want water, too. If you keep hens they will want extra attention through their moulting period. Meat of some kind is needful just now for them, and seed with oil in it, as sunflower seed. Kaffir corn is excellent for them, cheap, too, for it yields so wonderfully. Make companions of your hens; don't scare them, but keep them gentle. Prepare clean nests and plenty of them. Keep free of lice. Be on the lookout constantly, for this is the only way to be free of them. When the children crack nuts have the hulls taken to the scratching shed; the biddie will find several morsels. When corn is popped take the hard grains to the hens; they will like them for a change.

Scotland, Ill. Mrs. W. A. C.

Mother Nature's Care.

One of the most wonderful things in this world is the care that the dear Mother Nature takes of all her children. She makes whatever changes are necessary in the structure, even, to adapt them to their surroundings. A curious thing has happened in the cold-storage warehouse of a Western city, which shows how well Mother Nature takes care of her world, human or animal, if she has the chance. In the great rooms of these establishments, where the temperature is kept below the freezing point,it was not supposed that rats would thrive, or even live. But after a while it was discovered that there were rats in the storage rooms and that, being born and brought up in such a cold place, nature had prepared them for their existence by giving them a very heavy coat of fur. Two rats were caught and killed, and were found to be covered with long and thick fur, even their tails having a thick growth of hair. It was then decided to see if cats would not get on as well as the rats in the cold and act as their destroyers. The first pussies that were shut in the cold rooms did not fare very well. They pined and died one after another, and the experiment was about to be given up, when a cat was put in that thrived and grew fat. She had unusually thick fur, which was probably the reason, and when she became the mother of seven kittens, the manager of the warehouse had them very carefully nursed and looked after. They grew fat and seemed to feel no discomfort in their cold quarters. Their fur was unusually long and thick. When they were grown they were divided among the different cold-storage warehouses of the city, and from them has grown a peculiar breed of cats, fitted naturally for the cold places in which they live. These cats are short-tailed, chubby pussies, with very thick hair and under fur. So used are they to their cold homes that if one of them is taken outside, particularly in hot weather, it will die.—New York Times.

Aeration vs. Cooling.—In speaking of milk these two terms are often confounded, says the Rural World, while really the benefits derived from cooling milk are quite distinct from those accomplished by its aeration. Thorough aeration drives from the milk all odors derived from strong or acid foods, such as cabbage, turnip or silage. Aeration also removes any stable odors which may have been absorbed during the milking. Cooling, on the other hand, puts the milk in a condition least favorable to the growth of the milk-souring bacteria. Of these, hundreds exist, in even the most carefully handled milk. Their multiplication is most rapid in milk at animal temperature, and the lower the temperature the slower their growth; hence the value of a thorough cooling.

Baron von Stumm's organ, the Post, publishes an article calling attention to the fact that 3,308 horses were imported from America during the first seven months of 1897 and insisting that this new import ought to be excluded.

Venture is a slippery road.

Well Bred Stock.

If there be any one proposition in relation to which well-informed opinion is at one, it is that well bred stock will afford a profit when no other kind will, and that when prices are so good that the growing of almost any kind is remunerative, well bred animals are so much more profitable as to make it very unwise to grow any other kind, says Northwestern Farmer. This fact is well recognized in the swine industry and very few animals go to market now from the swine belt that do not have a god proportion of good blood which gives them form and early maturing quality. In the cattle business, however, the principle, although almost unanimously admitted, is not so unanimously observed. A great many cattle are produced from matings that should never have been made, and especially is it true that sires are used that should have been shipped to the fat steer market. This is very unwise. It is a waste of feed, of care, of the use of land, and of the labor that must be expended in the growing of cattle of any kind. With well bred cattle, calves intended for beef can be liberally fed from birth, whether they be steers or heifer calves, and they should never know the stunting that is occasioned by roughing it through on insufficient feed and with insufficient care. Such cattle attain a marketable age early and when they reach it will have both the size and finish to insure the best prices that are going. If, however, they are stunted at any time, no future care can fully regain for them what they have lost. In this respect, however, they are no different from scrubs, for a stunted scrub cannot regain its best estate either. With steers of little or no breeding, a good deal longer maintenance is required, for they will not fatten until they have matured, and they do not mature until they have attained considerable age. There was good reason in the old days why steers were kept until four or five years of age; they did not mature until then, and until they did mature no smoothness or finish could be given, and at an earlier age they would go forward coarse and rawboned, and only command the inferior prices which stuff of that kind brought. The market now demands younger cattle, but the younger cattle that it wants is of the kind that matures when young. The demand does not mean scrubs crowded and shipped at an early age. With cattle in which the breeding has received attention and which has been liberally fed from calfhood, the weights of 1,400 or 1,500 can be made at an early age and the style and finish will sell the animal for a good price, as compared with the top of the market, but scrub cattle can be neither fattened nor finished early, and hence they cannot be turned quick, and must be maintained if they are to receive any fattening and finish worth speaking of for nearly twice as long as well-bred animals.

Habits of the House Fly.

That we may know the least about what we commonly see is well illustrated in the life history of the house fly. They are always with us, but we know very little of their comings in and goings out. The University of Minnesota has recently issued a paper on the subject—not telling us all we would like to know, but still adding considerably to the little we have. It is not certain that it is a real native of America, or whether it came as a stow-away in some early vessel from the old world. They were very active in Minnesota during the month of August. Between 6 p. m. and 8 a. m. next day one fly had laid 120 eggs. This was August 12; on August 14 the eggs were hatched, and minute fly maggots were crawling about. The eggs usually hatch in about twenty-four hours after being laid. The fly usually deposits its eggs in manure. The maggots moult twice. The larva is full grown in six days, when it becomes a pupa, and, in five or six days, emerges from its case a full grown fly. Each female fly is capable of laying 1,000 eggs in a season; a few of the stronger live through the winter as flies, and start the brood next season. Many die in the fall from parasite fungus, and may be seen fast to the window glass.—Meehan's Monthly.

Animals in Japan.

Holstein-Friesian breeders who have sold cattle for export to Japan will be interested to learn that Japan is a land without the domestic animals, says the Holstein-Friesian Register. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows; the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but a few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of the foreigners. The freight cars in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden, nor in hunting except by foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs; pork is an unknown article of diet and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular, bears of an enormous size.

Small Flocks.—No matter how many fowls are kept they should not be in flocks of more than ten or twelve, and about forty is a very convenient number for one to take good care of. The health of the fowls and the profits of the owner depend on the dryness and cleanliness of the premises as well as on the quality and quantity of the food given to the fowls. The cleanliness does not apply simply to the droppings under the roosts, but to the sides of the rooms, which should be whitewashed; to the glass of the windows, which should be bright and clean to admit the sun, and the floors, which should be raked over often and kept free from feathers and other foul matter which may accumulate if left.—Ex.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DYNAMITE IS NOW UNDER OUR GREAT CITIES.

From the Text: "The Boar Out of the Wood Doth Waste It, and the Wild Beast of the Field Doth Devour It"—Psalms 80 : 13.

BY this homely but expressive figure, David sets forth the bad influences which in olden time broke in upon God's heritage, as with swine's foot trampling, and as with swine's snout uprooting the vineyards of prosperity. What was true then is true now. There have been enough trees of righteousness planted to overshadow the whole earth, had it not been for the axe-men who hewed them down. The temple of truth would long ago have been completed, had it not been for the iconoclasts who defaced the walls and battered down the pillars. The whole earth would have been all Eschol of ripened clusters, had it not been that "the boar has wasted it and the wild beast of the field devoured it."

I propose to point out to you those whom I consider to be the destructive classes of society. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large proportion of many communities. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our cities, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cutthroats. There are in our cities, people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the interregnums which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets, and blow up safes, and shoplift, and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a gun-shot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market so you buy goods just before they go up twenty per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them. Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who, during the year had been in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other case the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before. The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York saw a lad fifteen years of age who had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged.'" That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison bunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation, if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils; and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf-rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court-room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of these offenders.

I stepped into one of the prisons of one of our great cities, and the air was like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. As the air swept through the wicket it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw there one woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child, amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison sleeping on the floor, with nothing but a vermin-covered blanket over them. Those people, crowded, and wan, and wasted, and half-suffocated, and infuriated. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man; "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out! Where they burned down one house, they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries. Many of the jails are the best places I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cut-throats. Yale College is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians, as the American jail is calculated to make criminals. All that these men do not know of crime after they have been in that style of dungeon for some time, satanic machination cannot teach them. Every hour these jails stand, they challenge the Lord Almighty to smite the cities. I call upon the people to rise in their wrath and demand a reformation. I call upon the judges of our courts to expose the infamy. I demand, in behalf of those incarcerated prisoners, fresh air and clear sunlight, and, in the name of him who had not where to lay his head, a couch to rest on at night. In the insufferable stench and sickening surroundings of some of the prisons, there is nothing but disease for the body, idiocy for the mind, and death to the soul. Stifled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thief into an honest man. We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone, and women like Elizabeth Fry, to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Doctor Wines and Mr. Harris and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform; but we want something more radical before upon our cities will come the blessing of him who said: "I was in prison and ye came unto me."

In this class of uprooting and devouring population and untrustworthy officials, "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning!" It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. These were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had the "Whisky Ring," and the "Tammany Ring," and the "Erie Ring." There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was estimated that there were fifty millions of public treasure squandered. In those times the criminal had only to wink at the judge, or his lawyer would wink for him, and the question was decided for the defendant. Of the eight thousand people arrested in that city in one year, only three thousand were punished. These little matters were "fixed up," while the interests of society were "fixed down." You know as well as I that a criminal who escapes only opens the door of other criminalities. It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality, unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief, and at great price handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belong. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who hover around Wall street and State street and Third street with great sleight of hand in bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the people who go and sit down and mourn with families and pick their pockets. And there you find the "confidence men," who borrow money of you because they have a dead child in the house, and want to bury it, when they never had a house nor a family, or they want to go to England and get a large property there and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail. There are the "harbor thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets," famous all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the "Rogues gallery," yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. When these people go unarrested and unpunished, it is putting a high premium upon vice, and saying to the young criminals of this country, "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal." Let the law swoop upon them! Let it be known in this country that crime will have no quarter, that the detectives are after it, that the police club is being brandished, that the iron door of the prison is being opened, that the judge is ready to call the case! Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to society. * * *

In these American cities, whose cry of want I interpret, there are hundreds and thousands of honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city and state charities. If all their voices could come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But for the most part it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries, waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment which might have made them comfortable on cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost!" Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front doorstep, I wonder if you hear it and see it as much as I hear and see it! I have been almost frenzied with the perpetual cry for help from all classes and from all nations, knocking, knocking, ringing, ringing. If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are. The sewing women, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lip. How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary, "I am downhearted. Everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning to Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly, and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are getting no nearer to God, but floating away from him—oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die!"

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say, "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." O thou weeping One of Bethany! O thou dying One of the cross! Have mercy on the starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities."

I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all newsboys' lodging houses, and all children's aid societies. Aye, I want you to send the Dorcas society all the cast-off clothing, that, under the skillful manipulation of the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, these garments may be fitted on the cold, bare feet, and on the shivering limbs of the destitute. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or that garment that you this week hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened and somehow wrought into the Savior's own robe, so in the last day he should run his hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

I want you to appreciate how very kindly God has dealt with you in your comfortable homes, at your well-filled tables, and at the warm registers, and to have you look at the round faces of your children, and then, at the review of God's goodness to you, go to your room, and lock the door, and kneel down and say, "O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me thy child, O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered today, I thank Thee that all my life thou has taken such good care of me. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children today, I thank Thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to Thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

"'For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me!'"

"Pshaw."

Some one has found out that "Tim" Campbell's famous retort, "Pshaw, what's the constitution between friends!" was anticipated two hundred years ago by no less dignified a personage than John Selden, the witty and learned English lawyer. His version reads: "The house of commons is called the lower house in twenty acts of parliament but what's twenty acts of parliament among friends?"—New York Tribune.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again.—Phillips Brooks.